Numb. CXXXI.

The GUARDIAN.

Iter Pigrorum quasi sepes Spinarum. ex Latin. Prov.

Tuesday, August 11. 1713.

THERE are two sorts of Persons within the Consideration of my Frontispiece; the first are the mighty Body of Lingerers, Persons who don't indeed employ their Time Criminally, but are such pretty Innocents, who, as the Poet says,

——waste away
In gentle Inactivity the Day——

The others being something more Vivacious, are such as do not only omit to spend their Time well, but are in the constant Pursuit of Criminal Satisfactions. Whatever the Divine may think, the Case of the first seems to me the most deplorable, as the Habit of Sloth is more invincible than that of Vice. The first is preferr'd even when the Man is fully possessed of himself, and submitted to with constant Deliberation and cool Thought. The other we are driv'n into generally thro' the Heat of Wine or Youth, which Mr. *Hobbs* calls a Natural Drunkenness; and therefore consequently are more excusable for any Errors committed during the Deprivation or Suspension of our Reason, than in the Possession of it. The Irregular Starts of Vicious Appetites are in Time destroyed by the Gratification of 'em; but a well ordered Life of Sloth, receives daily Strength from its Continuance. *I went* (says *Solomon*) *by the field of the Slothful, and the Vineyard of the Man void of Understanding, and, lo! it was all grown over with Thorns, and Nettles had covered the Face thereof, and the Stone Wall thereof was broken down.* To raise the Image of this Person, the same Author adds, *The slothful Man hideth his Hand in his Bosom, and it grieveth him to bring it again to his Mouth.* If there were no future Account expected of spending our Time, the immediate Inconvenience that attends a Life of Idleness, should of it self be Persuasion enough to the Men of Sense to avoid it. I say to the Men of Sense, because there are those that give into it, and for these chiefly is this Paper designed. Arguments drawn from future Rewards and Punishments, are things too remote for the Consideration of stubborn Sanguin Youth. They are affected by such only as propose immediate Pleasure or Pain; as the strongest Persuasive to the Children of *Israel* was a Land flowing with Milk and Hony. I believe I may say there is more Toil, Fatigue and Uneasiness in Sloth, than can be found in any Employment a Man will put himself upon. When a Thoughtful Man is once fixed this way, Spleen is the necessary Consequence. This directs him instantly to the Contemplation of his Health or Circumstances, which must ever be found extremely bad upon these melancholy Enquiries. If he has any common Business upon his Hands, numberless Objections arise, that make the Dispatch of it impossible; and he cries out with *Solomon*, There is a Lion in the Way, a Lion in the Streets; that is, there is some Difficulty or other, which to his Imagination is as Invincible as a Lion really would be. The Man, on the contrary, that applies himself to Books, or Business, contracts a chearful Confidence in all his Undertakings, from the daily Improvement of his Knowledge or Fortune, and instead of giving himself up to

Thick-ey'd Musing and Curst Melancholy, Shake.

has that constant Life in his Visage and Conversation, which the Idle Splenatick Man borrows sometimes from the Sun-shine, Exercise, or an agreeable Friend. A Recluse idle Sobriety must be attended with more bitter Remorse, than the most Active Debauchery can at any Intervals be molested with. The Rake, if he is a cautious Manager, will allow himself very little Time to examine his own Conduct, and will bestow as few Reflections upon himself, as the Lingerer does upon any thing else, unless he has the Misfortune to Repent: I repeat the Misfortune to Repent, because I have put the great Day of Account out of the present Case, and am now inquiring not whose Life is most Irreligious, but most Inconvenient. A Gentleman that has formerly been a very Eminent Lingerer, and something Splenatick, informs me, that in one Winter he drank six Hampers of Spaw Water, several Gallons of Calybiate Tincture, two Hogsheads of Bitters at the Rate of 6*o l.* an Hogshead, laid One hundred and fifty infallible Schemes, in every one of which he was disappointed, received a thousand Affronts during the North Easterly Winds, and in short run thro' more Misery and Expence, than the most meritorious Brave could boast of. Another tells me, that he fell into his way at the University, where the Youth are too apt to be lulled into a State of such Tranquility as prejudices 'em against the Bustle of that Wordly Business, for which this part of their Education should prepare 'em. As he could with the utmost Secresie be Idle in his own Chamber, he says he was for some Years irrecoverably sunk, and immers'd in the Luxury of an Easie Chair, tho' at the same time, in the general Opinion, he passed for a hard Student. During this Lethargy he had some Intervals of Application to Books, which rather aggravated than suspended the painful Thoughts of a mis-spent Life. Thus his supposed Relief became his Punishment, and like the Damn'd in *Milton*, upon their Conveyance at certain Revolutions from Fire to Ice,

——He felt by Turns the bitter Change
Of fierce Extreams, Extreams by Change more fierce.

When

(Price Two Pence.)

When he had a mind to go out, he was ſo ſcrupulous as to form ſome Excuſe or other which the Idle are ever provided with, and could not ſatisfie himſelf without this ridiculous Appearance of Juſtice. Sometimes by his own Contrivance and Inſinuation, the Woman that look'd after his Chamber would convince him of the Neceſſity of waſhing his Room, or any other Matter of the like joyous Import, to which he always ſubmitted, after having decently oppoſed it, and made his Exit with much ſeeming Reluctance and inward Delight. Thus did he paſs the Noon of his Life in the Solitude of a Monk, and the Guilt of a Libertine. He is ſince awakened by Application out of Slumber, has no more Spleen than a *Dutchman*, who, as Sir *W. Temple* obſerves, is not delicate or idle enough to ſuffer from this Enemy, but *is always Well when he is not Ill, always Pleas'd when he is not Angry.*

There is a Gentleman I have ſeen at a Coffee-houſe near the Place of my Abode, who having a pretty good Eſtate, and a Diſinclination to Books or Buſineſs, to ſecure himſelf from ſome of the abovementioned Misfortunes, employs himſelf with much Alacrity in the following Method. Being vehemently diſpoſed to Loquacity, he has a Perſon conſtantly with him, to whom he gives an annual Penſion for no other Merit but being very attentive, and never interrupting him by Queſtion and Anſwer, what ever he may utter that may ſeemingly require it. To ſecure to himſelf Diſcourſe, his fundamental Maxim ſeems to be, by no means to conſider what he is going to ſay. He delivers therefore every Thought as it firſt intrudes it ſelf upon him, and then, with all the freedom you could wiſh, will examine it, and rally the Impertinence or evince the Truth of it. In ſhort, he took the ſame Pleaſure in confuting himſelf, as he could have done in diſcomfiting an Opponent: And his Diſcourſe was as that of two Perſons attacking each other with exceeding Warmth, Incoherence and good Nature. There is another, whom I have ſeen in the Park, employing himſelf with the ſame Induſtry, tho' not with the ſame Innocence. He is very dextrous in taking Flies, and fixing one at each End of a Horſe Hair, which his Perriwig ſupplies him with: He hangs 'em over a little Stick, which Suſpenſion inclines them immediately to War upon each other, there being no poſſibility of Retreat. From the frequent Attention of his Eye to theſe Combats, he perceives the ſeveral Turns and Advantages of the Battel, which are altogether inviſible to a common Spectator. I t'other Day found him in the Enjoyment of a couple of gygantick Blue-bottles, which were hung out and embattled in the aforeſaid warlike Appointment. That I might enter into the ſecret Shocks of this Conflict, he lent me a Magnifying Glaſs, which preſented me with an Engagement between two of the moſt rueful Monſters I had ever read of even in Romance.

If we can't bring our ſelves to appoint and perform ſuch Tasks as would be of conſiderable Advantage to us; let us reſolve upon ſome other, however trifling, to be perform'd at appointed Times. By this we may gain a Victory over a wandring unſettled Mind, and by this Regulation of the Impulſe of our Wills, may, in time, make them obedient to the Dictates of our Reaſon.

When I am diſpos'd to treat of the Irreligion of an idle Life, it ſhall be under this Head, *Pereunt & Imputantur*; which is an Inſcription upon a Sun-Dial in one of the Inns of Court, and is with great Propriety placed to publick View in ſuch a Place, where the Inhabitants being in an everlaſting hurry of Buſineſs or Pleaſure, the Buſie may receive an innocent Admonition to keep their Appointments, and the Idle a dreadful one not to keep theirs.

Mr. IRONSIDE, *Auguſt* 10, 1713.

'I Am obliged to you for inſerting my Letter con-
' cerning the Demolition of *Dunkirk* in your
' Paper of the 7th Inſtant; but you will find, upon
' Peruſal, that you have Printed the Word *Three*
' where you ſhould have Printed the Word *Two*;
' which I deſire you would amend by inſerting the
' whole Paragraph, and that which immediately
' follows it, in your very next Paper. The Para-
' graph runs thus,

" The very common People know, that within
" Two Months after the Signing of the Peace, the
" Works towards the Sea were to be demoliſhed,
" and within Three Months after it the Works to-
" wards the Land.

" That the ſaid Peace was ſign'd the laſt of
" March, *O. S.*

' I beg Pardon for giving you ſo much Trouble,
' which was only to avoid Miſtakes, having been
' very much abuſed by ſome Whiggiſh Senſeleſs Fel-
' lows, that give out I am for the Pretender.

Your moſt humble Servant,

Engliſh Tory.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Juſt Publiſhed, with Her Majeſty's Royal Privilege and Licence,

Propoſals for Printing by Subſcription a very fine Edition of all the Ancient Greek Poets, in three Vols. in Folio. This Work is prepared for the Preſs by Mr. Michael Maittaire from the beſt Editions, and will conſiſt of 750 Sheets, or thereabouts, adorned with ſeveral beautiful Deſigns, Engraved by the beſt Hands. The Types, both Greek and Latin, with which this Work is to be Printed, are all caſt New Abroad according to the Specimen. The Price of the three Vols. to Subſcribers is five Guineas in Quires, viz. one Guinea in hand, two more upon Delivery of the firſt Vol. one Guinea more upon Delivery of the ſecond Vol. and the laſt upon Delivery of the third Vol. Whoever Subſcribes for ſix Books ſhall have a ſeventh gratis. There will be a ſmall Number Printed upon a very fine Royal Paper according to the Specimen. The firſt Volume will certainly be delivered to the Subſcribers within one Year from the time of Subſcribing, and there will not be one Book more Printed than what are Subſcribed for. The Undertakers are Jacob Tonſon at Shakeſpear's Head over againſt Catherine-ſtreet in the Strand, and John Watts at the Printing-Houſe in Bow-ſtreet, Covent-Garden, where Subſcriptions are taken in, and Propoſals deliver'd out; as alſo by Mr. Vaillant in the Strand, Mr. Barns in Pall-Mall, Mr. Harding in St. Martin's-lane, Mr. Lewis in Ruſſel-ſtreet, Covent-Garden, Mr. Browne at the Black Swan without Temple-bar, Mr. Linnet between the Two Temple-Gates in Fleet-ſtreet, Mr. Taylor at the Ship in Pater-noſter-row, Mr. Clements at the Half moon in St. Paul's Church-yard, Mr. Parker and Mr. Smith under the Royal Exchange, Mr. Round in Exchange-Ally, and moſt other Bookſellers in Town and Country. The Sheets as Printed off will be ſeen from time to time at Mr. Tonſon's Shop.

LONDON: Printed for *J. Tonſon* in the *Strand*; and Sold by *A. Baldwin* in *Warwick-Lane*; where Advertiſements are taken in. 1713.